

EHIND the stately figure of the Goddess of Liberty, out of the ker of her eyes, is a patch of earth which speaks of emancipation to many careworn hearts. By the side of the path which winds around / the base of the statue is a graveyard. Its modest dimensions

hardly merit so large name, for it is simply a lot, thirteen paces by eight, inclosed by a plain iron railing, painted a sombre black. A huge willow, whose rugged trunk

four men could not embrace, rises against four men could not embrace, rises against the blue sky, and the masses of long, droop-ing branches screen with their affluence of ahade this narrow resting-place of the dead from the sun. Several yards this side of the magnificent tree is another, its rival in su-merb growth.

iron railing is on a foundation wall of brick, whose western extremity, through the slope of the ground, is six or seven feet in height, though the opposite end is on a level with the path. The mortar has fallen from the cracks, two or three slender weeds spring from its sides and sway lightly in the sea breeze, and the wash from the coping has discolored the walls with iron stains.

breeze, and the wash from the coping has discolored the walls with iron stains.

If you are a man you can climb over the railing and read the inscriptions on the gravestones. If you are not, then no introduction to the humble dead is possible, as the gate is locked, the lettering has been corroded by the breath of the sea to indistinctness, and not even the tradition of the epitaphs lingers on Liberty Island. The wonted lot of the dead has followed them, and they sleep forgotten beneath the sheltering shadows of the willows whose weeping branches trail above their heads.

The ghost of Hicks, the pirate, is said to the sunt the barracks. But the spirits of these tenants of the grave came back only as tender memories to a soldier's heart and a soldier's household, and the soldier and his household have now become memories, too.

household, and the soldier and his household have now become memories, too.

The long grasses, nourished by the bodies of the dead, wave with a pitying sigh in the strong, salty wind, and are yellowed by the alembic of autumn. There are a dozen graves in the inclosure. At their head droop wearily as many small American flags, with dimmed colors. Half a dozen pots of flowers complete the decoration. A scarlet geranium and purple stock supply the one cheery bit of color in the withered vegetation. One pot lies upon its side, the flower crushed. The Grand Army of the Republic decorated the graves.

graves.

There is a touch of pathos in this lonely in the There is a touch or pathos in this iones, the little graveyard keeping so modestly in the background of the scene dominated by the mighty goddess. One wonders who its dead were and how they came there. Were they dwellers long years ago on the island? Who followed them to their graves? and what was they histories?

dwellers long years ago on the island? Who followed them to their graves? and what were their histories?

The pathos is deepened in a way when you read the conventional legends on the tombstones and find that most of them mark the final resting-place of children. Histories they had none, other than that they came into the world and went out of it. They were the children of Major David Wilcox, once stationed at Fort Wood on Liberty Island. Probably their deaths figured in the records of the post. But when the foundations for the statue were begun the military occupation of the place ceased and the records were sent to the archives of the War Department. Col. A. G. Tassin, the present commander on the island, now that soldiers are again stationed there, knows nothing about the little cemetery patch.

Within the inclosure is another, with an aron railing of the same character. Two flat tombstones are here, of white marble. One is sacred to the memory of Virginia Davis, stepdanghter of Major D. Wilcox, who died at the age of fifteen. The other is to the memory of Mrs. Wilcox, who died in 1836, and of Maria Satterlee Stewart, her daughter, a baby of five months.

The next tombstone, which is outside the

and of Maria Satterlee Stewart, her daughter, a baby of five months.

The next tombstone, which is outside the inclosure, is to the memory of another infant whose mortal life was three years, four months and eleven days. She was the daughter of Edward B. and Rosina Smith, and bore the large name of Elizabeth. Her tompanion is also an infant, "Joseph "(in very big letters)," son of Joseph and Mary Young, aged two years."

Among the upright tombstones is one of a dark-red stone, which has been badly chipped and is covered with green from moisture. This has some obituary poetry en it, the one instance in which the elegiac muse consoled the surviving friends of the deceased with the soothing balm of rhythm.

In memory of John Case, who died Sept 1 (the

In memory of John Case, who died Sept 1 (the year is broken off), aged twenty-two years seven

tha.

Consigned by death to shade of night, He lies concealed from mortal sight, Till Jesus from the lofty skies Shall bid his slumbering dust arise. Why should his many friends complain? Their loss is his eternal gain. From life's tempestuous seas at rest, With joys unnumbered he is blest. Why should we mourn?—but prepare To meet our God, and meet him there. The rest of the epitaph, as if conscious that

the bard had undertaken too great a flight, has sunk into the earth.

One marble slab, very much worn, so that it could scarcely be deciphered, was "erected by voluntary subscription" to Sylvanus Brigham. Tilted against the old red tombstone is a still more dilapidated tablet. It is a small wooden one, which has rotted away at its base. It has a Roman cross at the top and the lettering is a mixture of capital and talic letters. It reads thus: PLEASED

In memory of FREDDY WATERS, Sauve. Who died July 2d, 1866, Aged two months.

Freddy did not live long enough to know whether he enjoyed life or not. His is the briefest span of existence recorded in the lot. Such is this rustic island burying-place on which the Goddess of Liberty turns her broad back and scans the thousand tokens of busy life that pass before her. The great statue stands in her queenly robe of imperishable bronze holding aloft her torch, symbol of the light she pours on men's eyes, and in her serene, lifeless beauty fixes her steadfast gaze on the gateway of the bay through which the living drift on their long transatlantic voyage, insensible to the little way-farers behind her who have passed through another narrows on a still longer journey. The golden rays of the setting sun falls on the monument of mighty nations and the importials of the little dead with the same impartial beam. Freddy did not live long enough to know

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Gorgeous Effects of Frost Painting to Be



NE popular out-ofdoor recreation for young ladies just now is the collection of autumn leaves, and parties of bright, rosy girls have been roam ing over the Central Park during the past week eagerly gathering the bright-tinted

reasures. The Park authorities are very lenient at this season of the year, and do not object in the slightest to these inroads so long

bery or break the branches of the trees in their efforts.

A better place than the Park to obtain a varied collection of autumn leaves could hardly be found, on account of the many different species of trees and shrubs cultivated there. The maples are among the first of the trees to change the color of their foliage at the approach of cold weather, and these are now in their glory. They also surpass all other trees in the variety and richness of the coloring of which their leaves are capable, and are the most sought after by connoisseurs. One can find among them all shades of yellow and red, besides frequently a mingling of the two colors in the same leaf with the most delicate workings and shadings which are found in the natural painting of no other leaf. As the maple trees are plentiful in the Park, those who desire to get variety of hue in their collections will have little difficulty in securing what they want there.

Occasionally the oak is unsurpassed in the richness of its autumnal coloring, especially in the case of the black and pin oaks, which have small and deeply serrated leaves that in their natural state are a deep glossy green. The only trouble with oak leaves is that they The only trouble with oak leaves is that they are not so sensitive to frost as the maple, and unless it comes severe at the beginning they are apt to get a dingy tinge in their coloring. The coarser kinds of oak leaves seldom color

The coarser kinds of oak leaves seldom color at all.

Then there are the leaves of various vines and creepers which are capable of the most gorgeous frost-painting, especially those of the Virginia creeper, which is very plentiful in all parts of the Park. The action of the frost changes them to a deep shiny red, and a single vine will brighten a landscape wonderfully.

a single vine will brighten a landscape wonderfully.

A striking and almost startling contrast in coloring is presented by a combination of maple and Virginia creeper leaves near the Grand Drive in the upper end of the Park. A wide-spreading maple tree, standing almost alone on a little side-hill, glories in a thick foliage of the most vivid yellow. Winding about its trunk and up in among its branches is a luxuriant Virginia creeper, whose rich vermilion leaves peep out here and there in patches between the golden foliage of the maple. To fully appreciate the effect, the spectacle must be witnessed.

| From The Omaka World.1 Omaha Man-You make a pretty good profit ou of cotton-seed oil now don't you?

Southerner-So we do, but I don't. " Why not ?"

"Badly located."
"Oh! Too far from a railroad, I suppose,"
"No. I am on a railroad, but there isn't a manufacturer of leaf lard or creamery butter within 500

Keep Him Away from the Monkeys. [From Texas Siftings.]
First Young Lady—" Have you ever seen that reched dude, Gus Snobberly?" Second Young Lady-" Yes, I have been intro

duced to him."
"What do you think of him?"
"My opinion of him is that if the monkeys in
Central Park see him it will make them egotistical."

Heard in Boston.

Pittsburg Visitor—I see that Sullivan is immensely popular at Dublin.
Boston Man—Why, I did not know that Boston's
favorite son had gone abroad.
Pittsburg Visitor—I refer to the Lord Mayor of
Dublin.
Boston Man (disgusted)—Oh!

WITH THE BOYS.

IT WAS A JOLLY EVENING FOR THE PLAY-ERS IN "HARBOR LIGHTS."

Actors and Actresses of the Cast Civi Their Impressions of "The Evening World's " Audience in the People's Then tre Last Tuesday Evening-The Boys Were Very Critical and Appreciative.



EVER before in th history of the American stage has an entire theatre been tendered the newsboys of a city for their exclusive enjoyment, and when the members of the "Harbor Lights" company appeared before the newsboys of this city at the People's Theatre. Tuesday night. when through THE EVENING WORLD the boys were given one of the greatest treats of

their lives, they had an opportunity as few other theatrical persons ave had, to judge how keen and bright the fellows were, how they appreciated the per-formance, and how even they, with little moral training, upheld the good in its battle

against evil.

against evil.

An Evening World reporter visited the People's Theatre last night and obtained the feelings, opinion and sensations of the prominent members of the company.

E. H. Vanderfelt, the Lieut. David Kingsley of the cast, said: "I was very much pleased with the boys, and their appreciation of the points of the play. I think they were remarkably good judges. They seemed to grasp the outlines of the plot, young as they were and championed virtue in its struggle over vice. It was a great treat for them and The Evening World is deserving of much THE EVENING WORLD is deserving of much

THE EVENING WORLD is deserving of much commendation for it."

Sidney Howard, the Tom Dossiter of the play, said: "Why, that is one of the strangest experiences I ever had. To look before one and see all those rows of upturned youthful faces, absorbed in the performance to an unusual extent, was in itself remarkable, and then to think with the little training they have had that they should so readily understand the intricacies of the performance, is wonderful. Then, all of them were shrewd. To gain their applause, you must win them, and if they did not like you, they were not slow in making that dislike known. For my part, I never received so much applause after that little recitation in my whole experience on the stage, and I don't expect ever to re-

that little recitation in my whole experience on the stage, and I don't expect ever to receive so much again."

Augustus Cook, whos: Nicholas Moreland excited the wrath of the youngsters, said: "I was agreeably surprised at the conduct of the little fellows. It was a wonderful idea of The Evening World in giving the entertainment." A. R. Whytal, who impersonates Mark Hel-

stone, said: They were wonderfully attentive for boys, and they recognized every good point made."

F. M. Burbeck, whose Frank Morland

F. M. Burbeck, whose Frank Morland earned him a shower of marbles, nothing worse being at hand, said: "I enjoyed the lads' enthusiasm intensely, but I did object to be struck with that handful of marbles. Still that was an indication that the youngsters did not like the doings of the villain and an indication, too, of their desire for virtue to triumph over vice. Newsboys are among the best auditors one can ind. I think it most commendable on the part of The Evening World to tender the lads such an entertainment, for it will certainly mark an epoch in the lives of every one who attended."

M. B. Snyder thought that the boys were

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M. B. Snyder thought that the boys were remarkably appreciative.

Sergeant Boyce thought that the boys were immense. He was surprised at the good judgment that they displayed.

Miss Helen Weathersby, the Dora Vane of the cast, said: "I never entered more heartily into the spirit of a performance than I did Tuesday night. Oftentimes, I must admit, I am obliged to work myself up to a certain pitch before I can successfully carry out my impersonation, but on that night there was no labor whatener. I felt lighthearted and happy at the thought of the good we were doing the little fellows, and the performance was all play.

Miss Jennie Ellison, whose Peggy Chudleigh tickled the boys immensely, said that she was as much delighted with the performance as the audience was. It was so strange to appear before such a gathering and to be given such a reception. She thought that the little fellows were very appreciative.

given such a reception. She thought that
the little fellows were very appreciative.
Miss Rose Snyder was delighted at the interest the boys showed. She liked to see
them enjoy themselves.
All the remaining members of the cast
spoke in the same strain. W. J. Leonard.
Conway Carpenter, George Conway, Norman
Campbell, Charles Clayton, W. S. Ellsbree,
George W. Finch, F. W. McClellan and
Frank Hackney, Miss Madge Car, Miss Lizzie Conway, Miss Genevieve Beaman and
Miss Jennie Elberts, all agreed that seldom
have they appeared before a more attentive,
interested or appreciative audience.

An Ode to Emma.

An Ode to Emma.

[From the Bufalo Express.]

Sweet Emma, thou didst speak thy piece o' mind
In holy church, where Candler's wares gave light;
His pew-knee arguments you answer'd quite,
And gained advertisement of novel kind.
See, to thy feet we bring a silver yacht;
On the high C's your voice as silv'ry mounts,
To win an encore, or to parsons trounce—
Accept this Abbotship—and smack us not.

MR. MURPHY'S HOSPITALITY.

Obstacles Prevented Sig. Buchignani from

Sig. Buchignani is never tired of telling his friends how Manager A. J. Murphy, of the Academy of Music, who disappeared the other day, invited him to his house at Bath Beach to inspect a structure in the course of the day which the gentleman contemplated

purchasing and fitting up as a hotel. "I went out early on the premises," said Sig. Buchignani, "and Mr. Murphy met me. He was delighted to see me and suggested that we have some champague.

We had more than one bottle and lingered over our drinks affectionately, discussng matters of various kinds and becoming extremely good-humored. Then he proposed that we should go to the house. We did so, and no sooner had we entered than Murphy insisted upon celebrating the occasion by opening a bottle of champagne. I agreed with my usual charming acquiescence, and we sat down and resumed our conversation. His champagne was wonderfully good and when he uncorked another bottle, how could I refuse to join him? We taiked and drank for two hours and then Murphy declared that I must visit his kennels, as they were well worth seeing.

must visit his kennels, as they were well worth seeing.

"By this time we were jovial and lighthearted to a degree that I cannot describe. We viewed the dogs, however; not that I could accurately describe them when we left the stables.

"Buck,' said Murphy, 'what do you say

to "Buck,' said Murphy, 'what do you say to "'Yes?' I asked quickly.
"'Some champagne,' he went on. I thought it an excellent idea. So we had some more champagne. I remember nothing more until the following morning when I awoke in New York. Murphy came to see me during the day. 'Old man,' said I, 'what about that hotel at Bath Beach?"

"He was astounded. 'Why, I declare,' he exclaimed, 'I don't believe you saw it, after all. Come down again, Buck, any time, and after we've seen the hotel, I'll show you my dogs, and we'll have a drink together.'"

AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

Young Robert Campbell Explains What H is Doing in the Theatrical Line.

Young Robert Campbell, son of Bartley Campbell, the playwright, was standing at the door of the Hoffman House surveying the passing throngs. He was presently joined by a dapper youth who shook him warmly by the hand,
"You are not doing anything in the the-atrical line, are you, Robert?" asked the

youth,
"Indeed, I am," was the answer. "You're
very much mistaken."
There was a moment's stlence. "I'm with
A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre," continued Mr. Robert Campbell,
"Indeed, that's awfully nice."
"It

It is, yes. "It is, yes."

^ I suppose you play in one of his companies?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Campbell, calmly and pleasantly, "I'm at the box-office."

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Young Mr. Thiess is the handsomest youth in the Nassau Boat Club. He pulls a strong oar in the eight and the ladies are always glad to see him.

Bob Stowe hasn't rowed so much this year He's a clipper when he gives his time to it, but this season he has devoted his energies to getting up trophies for the boys.

Billy Morse of the N. Y. A. C. hasn't sculled a great deal this season in his hand-some paper boat. He'd rather be Master of Ceremonies at a club boxing bout. The youthful but robust figure of George Wies, a wearer of the blue and white, may be seen on the river any day until ice drives him away. He is good at either sweeps or sculls.

Washington Content strokes the Atalanta's junior four scientifically. They made the New Yorks hustle last Saturday, and they'll give a better account of themselves in the

Eugene F. Giannini is the Apollo of the

Dauntless eight. A more evenly developed man never pulled off his jersey for a race. He is a swift half-mile runner, too, and has captured many medals for throwing the fifty-six-pound weight.

Great big Queckberner has blossomed out as a valiant fireman. At College Point the other day he did prodigies of valor, and even tumbled into the salt, wet Long Island Sound in quenching flames aboard the Gramercy naphtha launch Erminie. A mention of the Nonpareil's famous men A mention of the comparer's famous men would be incomplete without a few words about Bob Webb, son of the popular police captain. He is the heaviest, most rotund and jolliest man in the club. His specialty is long-distance swimming. His friends

CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

M'KEE RANKIN IN DANGER OF A LAWSUIT OVER "THE GOLDEN GIANT."

Six-foot Supers With Beards Scarce -- Ar Australian Manager In Search of Stars and Plays-John A. McKay's New Piece New York Crime Dramatized by Leonard Grover-A New Parthenia.



points to the proba-bility of litigation over "The Golden Giant" before many weeks have passed over McKee Rankin's head It was Mr. Rankin's intention before open ing in this play at the Grand Opera House this week to let Ralph Wetmore AND Play the leading role, and take no part in himself. Rankin pro-

disposed. 'The Golden Giant' shall not enter the Grand Opera-House unless you appear in it." said Mr. French to Rankin, who played in the piece last season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. That settled matters, and McKee Rankin is now playing at the Grand Opera-House. Now it happens that Rankin is extremely busy at the present time making arrangements for the production of "Macbeth," which it has been the "dream of his life" to present in good form. His partner, Fred Maeder, has, consequently, stepped in and absolutely refused to consent to Mr. Rankin appearing again in "The Golden Giant" after the Grand Opera-House engagement. After that the company was engaged to appear in Harlem and in Philadelphia. The managers, however, declare that the

For the "Macbeth" production, Mr. Rankin is looking for supers who must be six feet in height and wear beards. He has considerable difficulty in finding many of these structures, and is rapidly coming to the conclusion that he will have to be satisfied with beards made to order.

John A. Mackay has shelved the tissue of nonsense called "Circus in Town," and will be starred through the country under the management of Leander Richardson. The vehicle this time for the display of Mr. Mackay's eccentricities is at present called "A Glimpse of Paradise," a play written by Joseph Dicky and originally produced at Ealing, England, last January. The play is due to arrive in this city on Saturday. The name will probably be changed, as Mr. Richardson does not believe in Paradise—for stage purposes.

It seems rather absurd to name a play "Lost in New York," as the American metropolis is a city in which it is not particularly easy to get lost. It is to be presumed, however, that Leonard Grover, in naming his new play to be produced at the Brooklyn Grand Opera-House on Monday, was thinking of "Lost in London," and supposed it was as possible to go astray in one city as the other. Mr. Grover's play deals with a crime which is said to have actually taken place in the region of Gramercy Park with a crime which is said to have actually taken place in the region of Gramercy Park years ago. Mr. Grover believes that the people conspicuous in the surroundings of the crime are still living. He does not say whether he expects they will visit the Brooklyn Grand Opera-House, nor whether he intends sending them tickets for the "first-night" production.

The Friendships, Eagles and Wyanokes stand highest of all the Harlem clubs in the esteem of theatrical people. Their men were among the select few carsmen invited to see the "Dark Secret."

Ike Mans, stroke of the Nonpareil's eight shell, is the sole proprietor of a fierce, warlike, brown moustache. The boys say that when he is whooping things up in a tight race every hair stands out like a spike.

George Delaney is the handsomest man and fastest sculler in the Nonpareil Rowing Club. The boys call him "Foxy George," because he is the wiscest, canniest lad that ever rowed a race. No professional could rattle him.

Eugene F. Gienstein for the stands of the resting to hold forth next Thursday at the Bijou Opera-House. This is Miss Julia Marshall, who is but nineteen years old. At the age of fifteen she made a tour of the New England States, appearing as Parthenia, Juliet, Julia in "The Hunchback," and Viola in "Twelfth Night." She was then, very sensibly, taken from the stage to study for the profession. She will appear in "Ingomar" on Thursday, and in her subsequent seasons will be managed by Col. R. E. J. Miles.

Miss Henrietta Crossman, one of the pratity

Miss Henrietta Crossman, one of the pretty Madison Square Theatre Hazel Kirke's, is to become a member of the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre.

Miss Minnie Palmer's curious costume on Miss Minnie Palmer's curious costume on Broadway yesterday attracted considerable attention, as the little lady presumably in-tended it should do. She wore on the back of her head an enormous blue Tam O'Shanter hat, of such colossal proportions that the effect was—it must be said—ludicrout. The little actress had brilliantly rosy cheeks and a conscious smile which none could fail to

The screnade written by Anthony Reiff and sung by Zalambo in the 'The Arabian Nights,' seems to have caught the popular taste and receives at least a couple of encores each night. Miss Cella Ellis has resumed her place in the cast.

Miss Clara Morris, at the Grand Opera-House nex week, will play in "L'Article 47" on Monday an Tuesday, in "The New Magdalen" on Wednes day, on Thursday and Friday in her new play "Renee," and on Saturday, at the matinee an evening performance, in "Alixe."

Salsbury's Troubadours will close a successfuengagement at the Bijon Opera-House to-night After this season they will sail from San Franciscs and visit Japan, China, India, South Africa Australia, England, Scotland and Ireland unde the management of Frank Maeder.

NOTED IN POLITICAL RESORTS.

Frank Opinions About Public Men and Cur-



UR local statesmen are having a good deal to say about the coming campaign and election Here are some bits of conversation overheard last evening by an EVENING WORLD reporter in going the rounds of political resorts:

"He has been a Senator four years and broke." "Then he is either honest or has had har

luck." "The Navy-Yard is good for 4,000 Demo ratic voters,"

"Yes, and you can put down 6,000 for the queduct."

"He puts on airs because his brother is a Alderman."
"Is that Tom Ochiltree? Why, he looks like a Democrat."
"I'll bet \$100 that Henry George will get

60,000 votes in the city."
"How many votes did John Kelly get for play shall not be given in their houses without Mr. Rankin, who has announced that he cannot possibly appear. That is how the matter stands at present.

"How many votes the John Henry Berly Berly Why, he got 77,000, of which 43,000 were polled in this city."

"The clambake season is over, and Col. James J. Mooney looks sad."

"Maurice J. Power, P. J., is a self-made

man."

"Yes, he made himself a Police Justice."

"Why don't the police stop the bosses when they begin to raffle off the offices?"

"It is easy for me to stop drinking, but it is just as easy to begin again."

"He was the best primary inspector I ever saw. Now he is hid away in the Custom-House."

Guesa the leaders are sorry they coaxed Abram S. Hewitt so hard to accept the Mayor-

Abrain S. Hewitt so hard to accept the Mayoralty nomination."

"Here comes Chief-Justice Patrick Gladstone Duffy."

"Have you seen Fred Gibbs to-night?"

"Wait till the boys know how the offices are to be divided up, then they will declare themselves candidates."

"He will be a candidate for the nomination for Surroyate if Taumany Hall gets it."

"What a chance we Republicans will have if you Democrats nominate favorites or unfit candidates." Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien will bet \$1,000 that Henry George will get 100,000 votes in "What a roll-call the names of the bank cashlers, defaulters and boodlers now in Canada would make."
"Politics, not baseball, is the national

game."
I wonder if they will want us to carry torches next year. I carried a torch in 1884 and here I am with rust on the creases of my

ACTORS WHO LIKE TO FISH-

McKee Rankin is a devoted fisherman. Joe Murphy has a fishing outfit in Maine. William Crane fishes when his vacht is be

Lawrence Barrett finds fishing conducive Edward Harrigan is a handy man with pole and line.

Edward Sothern fishes because it facilitates James Collier boasts of his Sheepshead Bay achievements. Dixey generally finds his bait stolen, but

Al Follin likes to troll for blue-fish in the Great South Bay. Oliver Doud Byron drops a hoop in the

Shrewsbury River.
Frederick Robinson is a familiar fisherman Ned Marsden has almost fished out Schroom Lake this fall. Frank Mayo has the reputation of knowin every trout stream in Pennsylvania.

Lester Wallack spends days and days angling off the dock at Mamaroneck. "Billy" Florence would not set well if he could not fish occasionally in the Resti

Competition Should Be the Life of Trade. but our "Latest English," "White-Cape," and "Cross-Country" eigarettes have been manufactured with such care that they find no competitors. They far surpass any eigarette ever produced. Kinney Tobacco Co., New York, sole manufacturers. PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

appearance. The sketches called "Shakespeare or Bacon—Which?" and "Cleveland's Western Trip" will be continued. O'Connor and Desmond, the Irish patriots, who have gone to Philadelphia, are expected back in a

The Bijou Opera-House will be closed Monday evening, in order that arrangements may be made for the gorgeous production of "Conrad the Corsair" on the following night. Dixey has been doing a big out-of-town business in "Adonis." Friends of Miss Marian Booth, the actress, called group of six short-haired women on Broadwa yesterday. Pretty girls seem to be going in i

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who registers at the Everett in a dashing hand from "The City Temple, London," left this week for a brief lecturing tour in Connecticut. He will be back to-morrow but is not expected to preach Sunday, owing to fatigue from his recent engagements.

The Rev. John Browne, of Derry, who is here raising funds to help his congregation build a manse, heard that THE WORLD said something pleasant about him Sunday, but he wouldn't buy a newspaper on the Sabbath to read what it was He was surprised to learn that newspapers were permitted to be sold on Sunday in New York.

A great many Panama dealers buy tobacco in New York, although they reach here on the Ha-vana line steamers. Central Americans at the Union Square Hotel now number F. Ytaxa, Diego de Ytaza and J. Humphreys, of Panama; Frank Arias, of Acapulco, and Dr. José Weber, of Cartagena, in their ranks. Rafael de la Cove, of Venezuela, and J. O. Sarget, of Panama, are at the

Some twenty years ago a bridegroom, who may e called John Smith as an aid to identificat brought his wife on the wedding tour to a wellknown Broadway hotel. He has come back now with another bride of precisely the same age as his first, and has prevailed on the hotel clerks to permit him for a while to conceal his identity. He remembers how his New York friends guyed him in 1864 about marrying so young a woman. He was pretty well off then, but he counts his fortune in six figures now and is a big man in a city r

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEJIEN 18,

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In two pieces. A doubte bill.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the charming one-act operate.

"THE RING AND THE RESPECT
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MY SWEETHEATT.

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House packed. Not even standing room.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

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BUSINESS BOOMING. Cleveland's Western Trip. Volunteer and Thistle.
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Open from noon until 10 P. M. 6 Stb. st., between the ave. and Breedway.
ADMISSION ADA GRAY
10 CENTS.
20 CENTS.
RESERVED EAST LYNNE.
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Week of Oct. 17, by arrangement with A. M.
PALMER, the Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE.

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UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
WHILL HERRIETTA IN BOOMING."
EVENINGS, S. 13. SATURDAY MATINER, 9.
THE GORSON AND CRAME,
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SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE

CHICKERING HALL.
Monday, Oct., 17, and Wednesday, Oct., 19,
Debut of SIGNORINA TERESINA
TUA.

F. VAN DER STUCKEN.
A. Lambert, Planist, Oct., 17; William H. Shar
Pianist, Oct., 19. William Thaule, Musical Directo
Admission, \$1; Seate, \$1.00 and \$2. A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 16th st. and Irving place
A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 16th st. and Irving place
A TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. 2.
Elaborate production of the latest London Malodrams
A DARK SECRET
Reserved seats. 50c., 75c., 21. Family circle, 25c.,
GENERAL ADMISSION, 80c.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. RAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Reserved seats, orchestre circle and balcome, 58c, ed. MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN
Let. IN THE GOLDEN GIANT.

Next week-GLARA MORRIS.

Next Supday-PROF. CROMWELL will illustrate
LONDON AND VICTORIA'S JUBILER. BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE. Broadway and 20th at PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT AT 8. SALSBURY TROUBADOURS.

in their latest success,
THE HUM MING BIRD.
Tuesday, Oct. 18, RICE'S BIG BURLESQU. STAR THEATRE. EATRE.

summencing next Monday Evening
Engagement of Mr.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
who will appear as Bob Agree in
THE RIVALS
Soats now on sale.

TH AVE. THEATRE.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matines at 2.

MRS. LANGTRY

ACCOMPANIES BARRYMORE and her

ACCOMPANIES BARRYMORE A AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS,

WALLACK'S, under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.
THE Characters by Messrs. Osmord Testis.
MOUSE.
MISSOS Groves, R. D. Ward, am Rothers.
MISSOS Groves, R. D. Ward, am Rothers.
TRAP. Abbey. Evenings at 8,15, Sat. Mrs. LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th are, and 200 a.

At 8.45, THE GREAT FIRE PEARL,
PRECEDED BY EDITHA'S BURGLAR. THALIA TO NIGHT First appearance of Junior man in "Inspector Brassig." Monday First lostel night. "Il Trovatore."

"I am growing old rapidly, am I not, Monsieur Charles?" she laughed. "Soon, at this rate, I shall be your grand-mere."

She always called him "Monsieur Charles," pronouncing it "Sharl" in the delictous French way. She was not so successful with my Christian name She called me "Monsieur Zhim," at first, but ended by giving methe title of Monsieur le Médecin, in allusion to my intended calling.

We were soon tired of dining in the hotel, and began to go about the restaurants again.

and began to go about the restaurants again.
One day, when Trenholm and I had been on
an excursion, we found her upon our return
in a spasm of delight.
"Ah! Monsieur Charles!" she cried, between ber hursts of marriment "De you

"Ah! Monsieur Charles!" she cried, between her bursts of merriment. "Do you know what a fille in the Restaurant Voltaire said to me to-day? She said that I had the handsomest lover in the Quartier, and that I was the envy of every grisette this side the Seine. So you see what they say of you! Is it not very droll! Look at me, Monsieur Charles. I am your bon arate—your sweetheart—do you understand?"

She executed a wild past de scul and laughed until she was exhausted. Trenholm smiled on her in a good-natured way. She was really as pretty as a picture, with her black eyes, rosy cheeks and rounded figure. "You tell that fille to mind her business and not put such stuff into your head," said he, tossing her a louis. Then he took up his guitar—When I was a student at Cadia.

When I was a student at Cadis, I played on the Spanish guitar. (ching! ching!) "What is that English song that mor

"What is that English song that monasurs sings so much?" interrupted Deia, swooping down upon him. "Tell me what those strange words mean, Monsier Charles." He gave her a free translation. "Where is that place—Cadin?" she in-quired, growing suddenly sober. "Oh, in Spain, across the Pyrenees from the country where you hot headed Gaseons live."

And monsiour was a student there ?"

"And monsiour was a student there?"

"Not at all. It is only a song."

"Then monsiour did not make love to the ladies," she murmured softly to herself. And, as she left the room, I heard what sounded to my ears like a sigh of relief.

When the door closed behind her I drow my chair close to that of my friend and looked him straight in the eyes.

Concluded in Manday's Excess of the state of th

DEJA. BY LINN BOYD PORTER. When I was a student at Cadiz,

I played on the Spanish guitar,

(ching! ching!)

AROSE and shut my

window. The tum-tum of that banjo and the light, boyish carol of that old college song were more than I could bear to hear. Charlie de la Sorbonne, tar, accompanying the

together at the University. He at PEcole de Droit and I at PEcole de Medecin. He came from England and I from America We met entirely by chance, but in a very few days after we found ourselves neighbors in the Hotel Lafayette we were perfectly insep-arable. "Jim," he used to say, "if I had "Jim," he used to say,

never met you I should have gone back to

here. This law business is so awfully dry, you know. I ought to have been a painter—or a sculptor—or anything else than a barrister. Won't I look frightful in a wig and

found time during our first year to ex We found time during our first year to explore Paris from end to end. There was no by-way with which we were unfamiliar within the city walls; no path in the Bois and no corner in the Louvre which we did not know as well as our own faces. Many a night, during the warmer portions of the year, it was daylight when we came home from our strolls. We found the heights of Montmartre or the recesses of the Luxembourg cooler after the boulevards were deserted than our chambers. But from November to April Paris does not present many charms out of doors after midnight, and it was in November that the adventure occurred which formed the basis of this story.

doors after midnight, and it was in November that the bear to hear. Charlie Trenholm used to sing that song. How often he has dropped into my room on the Rue de la Sorbonne, thrown himself into a chair and struck out that tune from his guitar, accompanying the music with the familiar words. He sang beautifully and I never tired to hear him, but I don't like to hear any one else sing those words, and never will if I can help it.

We were students University. He at I at l'Ecole de Medecin. and and I from America. Chance, but in a very few that song. How often the adventure occurred which formed the basis of this story.

Trenholm and I had been to the opera. We had crowded in with others who preferred paying two francs for a standing place to giving two francs for a standing pla

mine, detained me.

"That's a pretty girl," he said, observing the child with interest. The moon shone brightly upon the quai, and it was nearly as light as at noontide. "She ought not to lie there, but probably she has no better place, poor thing!"

The child moved slightly in her sleep, and her brown contrasted as though her drams.

were of an unpleasant nature. Then the lips parted, and in a tired and discouraged tone the single word "deja!" came forth.

"Come!" I whispered to my companion, "we must not let her awaken and find us here staring at her."

"No," assented Trenholm, but he did not stir; and the next thing I knew he was kneeling on the curbstone and stroking back the child's long, black hair, which hung unbraided about her face. His touch was so gentle that it did not rouse her at first, and I feared to urge him too much lest my voice should disturb her. Besides, Trenholm was a terribly set fellow when he liked to be.

To my discomfiture the girl suddenly opened a pair of large black eyes, and gazed in astonishment at the unfamiliar face so near her own: but she did not spring up and run away as I imagined she would, and Trenholm and I were now hardly in a condition to retreat, either.

"Why are you sleeping here?" he said to the girl, using the French language, which her exclamation showed she understood. "Do you not know that such a thing is very dangerous?"
The girl raised herself to a sitting posture

The girl raised herself to a sitting posture and said, ironically:

"Where would you advise me to lodge, monsieur? At the Grand Hotel?"

"Surely at some other place than this," responded Trenholm, gravely.

"Oh, it is very good, this place," said the girl, looking him boldly in the eyes. "Sec, the bricks are firm, they will not break down. There is plenty of air in my chamber, and the rent is cheap. What more could one ask?"

ber, and the rent is cheap. What more could one ask?"

Trenholm looked at her without the trace of a smile in answer to her bantering words, and presently she seemed to relent a little beneath his earnest gaze.

"Come!" she said, "I will tell you all. You are quite right. This chamber is not good. I was on my way to a better one when I sat down here for a moment and fell asleep. Had I not done so I should have been by this time in a fine bed, a quiet one, where I could have slept as comfortably as I pleased and as long as I liked. See; I will show you where I intended to sleep. It is there!"

We both started violently. For this child had run to the side of Pont Neuf and was pointing down into the stream below.

Trenholm caught har roughly by the arm

"What is that you are saying? You were going to drown yourself?"

"You are right," replied this strange child. imperturbably. "And why not? How many people do it! Every day you can see the boats fishing for bodies. I know. I have watched them. I have been to the little building back of Notre Dame, also. The persons on the slab there are still as Pont Neuf is at this moment. Nothing troubles them. They are never hungry. To morrow—no, perhaps not till Wednesday—but surely this week you will find me there if you care o look. And now, messieurs, bon sofr,"

She started to leave us, but Trenholm tightened his grasp on her arm.

eat."

The girl looked incredulous for a moment, but seemed to believe him at last. She shook her head, however, and threw back her long

her as if in a vise.
"My child, do you think I shall allow you to throw yourself into the Seine before my very eyes? Of course not! Come with me to my hotel in the Rus de la Sorbonne, and stay at least to-night. Perhaps in the morn-

ened his grasp on her arm.
"Listen to me," he cried. "Why would you do this? Is it hunger? Let me take you to a restaurant. I will pay for all you wish to

hair.

"You would give me a supper?" she said.

"Very well, and what then? To-morrow I must eat, and the next day; yes, even the day after that on. It is so strange that people must continue to get hungry."

Then she tried to break away, but he held her as if in a vise.

as if he feared she was about to plunge over the parapet.

You are not fool enough to be afraid of me.
Answer! Shall it be my hotel or the gens d'armes?" was not much pleased with the idea that

> the girl still protested;
> "I would rather not," she answered, pleadingly. "Let me stay here and go to sleep where you found me. I will promise you positively not to jump into the Seine to-night. I ought not to have told you. Please let me stay! I am only a little hungry. Won't you.

ing her niece entirely friendless among stran-gers. If she could have got home again she would have been no better off. A fortnight of vain search for work, the expenditure of her last sou, and a decision to commit suicide

any she had ever tasted, and thought the coffee incomparable. When at last we left her, Trenholm locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"You are not to run away," he smiled. "If

to know where you are in the morning without dragging the river down to the Pont
de Jena. Good-night. Be a good girl; and
pleasant dreams to you."

She didn't go the next morning, nor the
next after that. At the end of a few days
Trenholm hired another room in the house
for her, saying that he had imposed upon me
too long, which was quite silly, as I liked to
have him with me better than not. He kept

fully self-reliant girl. The francs that she spent made an incredible improvement in her appearance. Her new dresses were considerably longer than the old one, her bonnets were tasty, and her hair, which had hung dishevelled below her waist, now appeared arranged in the mode usual with young ladies.

"How old are you, Deja?" said Trenholm

her last sou, and a decision to commit suicide ended the not uncommon story.

"Well," said Trenholm, as she finished the recital, "you must be tired, and we will leave you. But—ciell you are hungry, you have had no supper! What was I thinking of to make you wait so long?"

He rang the bell for the garçon and ordered a hot supper for three, with a litre of wine, and coffee afterwards.

We were all hungry, as it turned out. The girl aits as if famished, and soon began to exhibit the beneficial effects of the meal. She laughed at Trenholm's pleasantries—for he

soon resumed his ordinary manner—praised the cook, declared the Madeira superior to

you conclude during the night that you must kill yourself, why, of course, there's the win-dow forty feet from the ground. I'm going to know where you are in the morning with-

monstour?"

"No," said Trenholm, decidedly.

She drew a long breath, gave another searching look at his face and said:
"Let us go, then."
The garçon looked slightly surprised as he handed us our candles at the concierge's room. It takes a good deal to surprise a hotel garçon, and especially in the Quartier Latin, but I deemed it the part of prudence to slip a five-franc piece into his hand, with a warning finger on my lip. We all went at first to Trenholm's room, where he talked long enough with the girl to get an outline of her history. She was from Gascony, Her father had a dozen children, and only bread enough for half of them. An aunt in Parish had sent money to pay the child's fare to that city, agreeing also to care for her when she should arrive, Within a year after the girl reached Paris the aunt suddenly died, leaving her niece entirely friendless among strangers. If she could have agot howe agon is her defined another room in the house for her, saying that he had imposed upon me too long, which was quite silly, as I liked to have him with me better than not. He kept close watch of her at first, never letting our meals served en famille. After a few weeks he gradually began to place more confidence in her, as it became evident that she was quite content with her comfortable quarters. He finally gave her money to go shopping with, and she used to come home very happy after an hour or two in the Bon Marche or the Magasin du Louvre. Her wardrobe was liberally improved at his expense, though there is no harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to harm in saying that I tried to induce him to come home very happy after an hour or two in the Bon Marche or the finally gave her money to go shopping wi

Lew Dockstader announces that at his theatro the inaghter and applause are always the same, though the "menu" is different. Next week Courtis D'Alton, a new baritone, will make his

I was not much pleased with the idea that this beggar girl should accompany us to the Hotel Lafayette, but I could not desert my friend. I comforted myself with the reflec-tion that the hour was so late that few people would notice us, and, without doubt, he would send her away the next morning. But the girl still protested: